7:Powers J-5 (1871-1876) 1877 NS29 Yokuts NS29

622 and he made his name feared and dreaded for many a score of miles around. He "bound out" his subjects at will, adults and children alike, to the [566] ranchmen, on life-long indentures.

792 Nai-ak'-a-we was a famous prophet of the Chŭkchansi, who died in 1854. It is said that his name was known and his power was acknowledged from King's River as far north as Columbia; but this seems hardly probable. Naiakawe had a lofty ambition, and he meditated great and benevolent designs for his people, but he was doomed to disappointment. He sought to mollify those miserable janglings and that clannishness which have been so fatal to the California Indians from time immemorial; to reconcile the warring captains of villages and chiefs of tribes, and thereby harmonize them into one powerful nation, peaceful at home and respected and feared abroad. But the question of a food-supply was one which this savage statesman, however able and far-sighted, could not master. In ancient times they had immense herds of elk and deer, and, sweeping over the plains on their swift mustangs, they could shoot down at any time a fat bronco bogged by the lake (for the Indians of this State used to eat horse-flesh, until the influence of the Americans gradually induced them to abandon it); but now all these were gone, they had to scatter into families to collect food, the wretched feuds of the petty captains were eternally breaking out afresh, and Naiakawe beheld one hope after another and one noble design after another pass away; so he died at last broken-hearted. He said he did not wish to survive the ruin of his people.

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791 Another notable characteristic of the Yokuts is the great influence and extensive journeyings of their wizards or rain-makers (*tëss*). Ke'-ya, who 484 lives at Woodville, is one instance; but the most remarkable is Hop-ŏd'-no. Though living at Fort Tejon, he has by his personal presence, his eloquence, and his cunning jugglery, made his fame and authority recognized for two hundred miles northward, to the banks of the San Joaquin. In 1870, the first of two successive years of drought, he made a pilgrimage from the fort up as far as King's River, and at every centrally-located village he made a pause and sent out runners to collect all the Indians of the vicinal villages to listen to him. In long and elaborate harangues he would promise them to bring rain on the dried-up earth, if they would contribute